Remembering Reach

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Summary: A veteran of the Battle of Reach looks back on the

sacrifices a certain Spartan has made. Dedicated to all veterans the

world over.

Remembering Reach

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I was only a soldier then, as we fought for our survival.

Only a soldier among others.

I remember being pinned down,

Covenant all around us as they appeared.

Five great warriors, five gods of death,

The enemy had no chance.

Their leader, brave, bold,

Just the man we needed to give us direction.

His second in command, the lady who gave distress,

She was the one who made sure the warning was sent.

The next was vengeance incarnate,

If the grinning face of death was anything to go by.

Their number five, a giant of man,

A giant fighting for the only home he knew.

And then there was Six. Quiet, professional, and deadly,

He was the last person expected to give us hope.

But as Reach was burning, and grand New Alexandria lost,

Six made sure that we could live, made sure that we were safe.

He stood there next to me, and told me to fight.

To fight not for what was left of humanity, but for what was lost, for those who had come before us.

Years later, I attended the opening of the Reach Memorial,

On what terraformed patches of earth there were to use.

I saw the statue of Noble, and I looked at Six, and I knew.

Spartans don't need to give us the fighting spirit to save what we love and cherish;

We've always had it in us.

We just needed to see that.

Six had seen it, and had shown me the way.

Now I see it too, and it guides me to this day.

Fin.

**This is the second Halo fanfic I've written that is meant to be released on Memorial Day, the other being "From the Beginning." To be honest, I don't expect that many views, but writing this is worth it to me, being a military kid and all. I tried the best I could to describe the way that a Spartan could change a common grunts life, and this was the result. I hope you enjoyed this fanfic. **

End file.